

Amy G311 Unwanted Future

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Summary: Amy didn't lead an average life in her time, but it was hers. When she is transported 560 years ahead of her time through a slip space anomaly, forcibly turned into a SPARTAN it complicates an already impossible situation. Slight timeline differences.

1. Shackled Future

Hey everyone reading this! It's my first Fanfic for Halo at all, but I would LOVE feedback and any other constructive criticism you can afford.

Of course, all rights To Bungie (and now 343) for the universe I'm dabbling in. It really is a wonderful series, and this girl cannot WAIT for Halo 4.

Due to the reviews I've gotten, I've realized a few errors that have been corrected. 1.) the year is now 2552 2.) She's not quite a Spartan-II. This was a misnomer in the story, and NOT my intention when writing this. I'm really sorry the Blurb gave that impression, that was my fault entirely. Thank you all for those tips! They really helped. However, I would like to point out that a fanfic can't really be fully canon, so you hard core gamers out there might have to suspend belief in small ways. Otherwise, the ride should be nice. Do keep sending me feedback of course, because I really am listening and this story can be made better with fan help along the way. It already has, not 24 hours into its posting.

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"You have got to be fucking kidding me" Amy breathed the words harshly as she ran, a myriad of footsteps behind her keeping pace.

The noise from the city drowning out the capture the people behind her were trying to prevail on. Exactly what they wanted. No one would be able to find her in the depths of the winding back alleys that her run had taken them into. The smell of new spray paint and tag marks

would cover the rest. For maybe the hundredth time Amy cursed living in New York. Who the hell wanted to live in a city? She was positive she wasn't going to be on that list any time soon. When this was over, she was going home. Her real home.

"Now what are you going to do? Maybe you shouldn't have messed with us in the first place eh?" Thick New York accent sending chills down her spine. Amy knew who spoke without turning around. Jake was right on both accounts. The alley ended abruptly, two apartment buildings closing off the end of the alleyway for her and cutting off the intended escape route. She turned to face all of three of them then, and looked the biggest one, Jake, in the eye. He was probably 6" taller than her and muscled heavier. From what she could tell anyway, with his baggy clothes covering much of his body structure. But his breathing was relatively light for the amount of running they all had done so she assumed he was muscled well enough and his size came from strength, not laziness on his part. Which would not make for an interesting fight in Amy's eyes.

"Mess with you? Dude it's college, I pointed out you were wrong. This is the 21st century. Girls can be better than dead beats." Amy sneered then, or did her best to. Trying to provoke one without the other two getting involved was going to be tough, so she acted as if the other two weren't there.

"You slept with the professor to get better grades."

Amy clenched fists then, and growled despite herself. She was young to be in college she knew, but she got there because of her intellect. Not her body. Hell, she didn't find herself attractive. What weight she had on her was given to muscle and bone. She had a couple boys find her interesting since coming to college, but her father had forbade her from dating while she still lived at home so never thought about it. Was this seriously what Jake thought about? It was all work in school, and all training at home. Marine's made good CO she reasoned, but smiled, maybe not doting daddies.

"Smiling I see." Jake spat, heedless of her clenched fists "Must have been a good ride then" Smirking, the crude boy took a step forward, empowered by the knowledge of his two friends behind him, encouraging the looming beating.

Thinking quickly her head snapped up and around her, her long black hair impeding her vision slightly, and moving to reveal nothing. No escape, no doors, no sirens. The walls seemed closer than before, when all she was doing was running. The night sky also seemed a little darker, like the light pollution was avoiding this area on purpose. _Calm down Amy, just calm down._ "Better than anything you can do small fry. You gonna stay with your pretty boy harem or are you going to come give me that beating you keep talking about?" When she spoke she put a little more of the Southern drawl that was her birth right into her voice.

That was all it took for Jake to leave the other two and leap, snarling at her before throwing a punch. Amy pushed her right foot back and raised her left arm, put it forward and out, palm to the side. Her right fist tucked tight into her ribcage. When the punch came she had already reduced her target area to a small vertical line and figuring out where the taller boy was going to throw his right hook was a simple task. Pulling her head back instinctively, she

struck out with her left arm while sweeping with her foot twisted around his forward leg. The resulting force of the pull of her leg and the push of her hand sent him tumbling to the ground. Unfortunately the boy was quicker than he let on and grabbed her on the way down. Her right hand came out to break her fall quickly, but a misplaced impact pushed Jake's head to the ground faster. Time slowed down for Amy right then. When they finally hit the ground she heard a dull thud. So did his friends. They stopped smiling then. She began to shake just a little, the adrenaline rush sweeping through her. Willing herself to stay composed in front of the others. This was a dangerous situation, and she was making it worse. Especially with no witnesses. Looking down between her arms, still on her knees, she saw Jake laying eyes closed on the ground. His eyes wouldn't open again, and she could already see his neck muscles moving for the last time, small movements as the electrical impulses died out. Could already smell blood.

An eternity passed before the two boys who had come along dared to move, and Amy stood then, stepping over his body and setting herself in stance once more, remembering with surprising precision what her father had taught her. If only she had thought about that seconds ago. Or maybe it really was an eternity. She didn't know, and the adrenaline had made her too numb to care at the moment. Stop the movement first, then the vision if they persist. If they continue to come, even in these weakened states, assume the worst. Assume drugs are in the system. Stop the breathing, if only for a little while. Incapacitation was a last resort on civilians, but it might save her life here. Her fathers voice was guiding her and she took comfort in that. If one leather neck was here for her, even in her head, she would be alright. She may not have made a living in the Corp, and being 17 didn't give her much of a chance anyway. But she had been raised by her father. Adrenaline still guided her thoughts. The boys were inching away, and all fight had drained from them. They wanted out, but were unwilling to turn their back on her. Had she had the presence of mind, she might have laughed at two 20 some college guys terrified by a small teenage nerd. She didn't though. So her stance stayed and Amy stared, silent as Jake at them. And continued. Until finally the adrenaline began to wear out and her body began it's break down of the unused chemical. Sweat and shaking started, and as soon as she drew her first labored breath, they bolted. Both turned and fled back down the alleyway.

What she didn't understand was how they could move with so much pressure around them and with how dark it was here, not even the lights of the streets behind them eclipsing the building made the darkness dwindle. It was almost pitch. The gray brick walls really were closer. _Your adrenaline is gone Amy. This isn't a fight-or-flight thing anymore._

That was when she panicked. Her head hurting and her eyes were forced shut. Everything was closing in around her, she wasn't wrong. She tried to scream but either made no sound or couldn't hear herself. That didn't help. Running didn't help much either, with so much pressure holding her to the earth that moving her leg forward once took more energy than the fight had. The once slightly rancid smell of the back alleys of New York had taken a different smell. Now it smelled of her fathers old truck when it had been ran for hours. That smell of misused oil and burnt diesel fuel working its way through a hot engine bay. But there weren't any trucks around. Not that she could see at least, being effectively blind.

Stumbling again, she hit the cold ground and winced in pain as her knees hit the concrete with a clang. She let her body fall to the side in a loosely formed fetal position. Too tired to do anything else at the moment. Laying there, she didn't open her eyes, didn't dare breathe more than she had to. She wasn't scared. Not Amy Strongman; No she wasn't scared. Just tired. Besides, how would she explain to the police what really happened if she ran? No, staying here was a good idea. She could hear the sirens already, they would be here in a couple of minutes...

"There isn't a Doppler effect." Amy open her eyes and sat up quickly, head woozy from the pressure finally releasing her. She wasn't on concrete, she was on metal, and she wasn't in an alley she was in a hallway. Which meant those weren't sirens. They were alarms, and probably meant for her. Figures. Standing up unsteadily she balanced herself and looked around. This wasn't a police station, at least not any that she'd ever seen. Everything was metal here, and lit very well. No wood panelings, and no insignias anywhere stating this was LAPD. How did she get here if she didn't pass out?

When she heard sets of running feet around the corner behind her, she turned. Not knowing what else to do she stood there. Where was she going to run anyway? She wasn't even sure this was in New York anymore. Before she could delve any farther in that train of thought though, two women and a man entered the hallway. The first was a lady in a loose fitting lab coat with close cropped black hair, showing the early signs of graying. The man behind her was in some sort of black uniform and had a machine gun leveled at her. She could barely make out the letters ONI on his uniform sleeve. Who really had her attention though was an extremely tall blonde beside the older woman. Easily over 6'3" and muscled better than the man. Her arms were time and a half the other mans and scarred more than most. Amy was most scared of her eyes though. They looked at her unblinking and moving, even with that smirk on her face. So she was a soldier too then, and obviously protecting the lady in front. Amy hadn't realized she had taken up a defensive stance in response to her fear.

"She thinks she can fight us?" The words from the blonde in a thick Slavic accent.

"Get to your knees! Now!" The man with the gun yelled, walking ahead of the other two slowly, gun still pointed at her. Amy did what he asked without hesitation.

While the man stood behind her and patted her down the woman in the lab coat moved in front of her line of sight. "What do you have on you?"

Amy thought quickly, doing her best to alleviate the situation before it escalated. Her head still wasn't in the right place though, her thoughts foggy and coming in half formed and pressured to move quicker. "Cell phone and personal identification ma'am"

The older woman looked angry at the response "What else?"

Thinking harder she couldn't think of anything else, and the man had patted her down, taking both wallet and phone. "Nothing but my clothes...Dr. Halsey" She said, squinting to read the name etched into the shirt she wore. Hey, at least they spoke English.

The woman, Dr. Halsey, looked past Amy then and spoke curtly to the man who was holding her down by force. "Take her to my lab. We're going to need blood tests before we begin interrogation. I'll be there momentarily."

Amy could feel the man take out hand cuffs and begin to place them on her. When the first cuff attached to her left hand, she slipped her right one out of his grip and twisted around underneath him. Punching upwards while he was still taken off guard and off balance, she placed the heel of her palm underneath his chin and heard the audible slap of teeth hitting teeth. When his body came up this time she forced herself out from underneath him entirely and kicked once, sending his head around his neck and knocking him out. At the same time she was about to turn she felt a freight train hit her in the chest, knocking the wind out of Amy while her body sailed 8 feet before hitting the ground again. It didn't matter though and she knew the fight was life or death. The Slavic woman stood in front of the officer and held one palm out, the one that had struck her. The other was gripping the machine gun of the man who Amy had downed. That, too was pointed her way.

Amy put her hands to her side and out, showing she had no weapon and was making no fists. "I'll submit to your testing and your...questioning. I'll tell you everything I can without falsehood. But I will not be led away by some man while in handcuffs. You'll have to kill me for that, and then. No answers"

The Slavic woman, spoke next before Dr. Halsey could finish opening her mouth. "You know, there is one other way." Amy saw only a flash of blonde hair before the butt of the MA37 connected with her chest in exactly the same spot she had hit her before. The world went black then.

Waking up was not the most pleasant thing Amy had endured. Her chest hurt something fierce and she figured her sternum was cracked. That didn't bode well. Her hands were above her and attached to the wall by a set of thick metal cuffs while her feet were attached to the sides of the bed she lay in by similar cuffs. The room she inhabited was painted sterile white and smelled of anti-septic and alcohol. The wall beside her was made of the same steel the hallway she was in consisted of. A hospital room then. At least they were going to treat her wound before they interrogated her.

When the door to the hospital opened, up Amy noted, not sideways, Dr. Halsey walked into the room with another man in uniform beside her. This man was slightly larger than the last, and only carried an odd pistol. He looked more sure of himself though, and kept eyes trained on Amy at all times, even while sitting down. Amy smiled inwardly at that. He must have been informed of the last person in uniform she had knocked out. Dr. Halsey also required guards for chained children. "Amy Strongman is it? How did you end up on the floor of the only ONI super carrier in all of the UNSC? What was your intention?" The doctor spoke with her back turned, pulling out an assortment of medical supplies. She could hear needles there as well.

Looking over her chained arms she addressed Halsey's back. "Let me out of these cuffs and you'll have every answer I can give"

Dr. Halsey turned around and held up a needle with two glass vials "I'm taking some of your blood for testing" Amy nodded. At least she was telling her what she was going to do. "This does not mean I will just let you go if you don't end up in an insurrectionist database."

"I didn't ask you to let me-" Her words cut short as the needle found a vein and began taking her blood. "walk free. I'm a captive, I understand this. I asked you to let me out of the damn shackles. I don't even know who these insurrectionists are. Hell, up until just now I thought I was being held for a back alley fight I had last night" The soldier who was stationed to guard Dr. Halsey looked up and his eyes narrowed for only a second at Amy. Taking another step forward, he put his hand on his pistol slowly.

Dr. Halsey did not fail to notice this "Calm down Marine. She will be fine how she is" As the blood finished filling the fourth vial she taped off the hole and took out the needle, placing the vials in different machines on the table behind her "Your identification card said you were 17 years..."

"17 years old" Amy finished, nonplussed. "Georgia born, 1993. License number TL-935347. I know what my license says ma'am. Let me out of these shackles."

Dr. Halsey raised her eyebrow questioningly and looked Amy in the eye. "Even if I were to believe you were 559 years old, why are you here?"

Amy looked up at Dr. Halsey, finally lost for words. She thought about her words before saying them now, shackle questions aside for the moment. "You believe it is 2552 Ma'am? Why am I the one in chains?"

The soldier snorted then, and crossed his hands over his chest, showing off the size of his body "Don't play stupid, Innie. You can't bullshit your way out of this." Walking over past her bed, he hit a button on the wall, releasing a metal window shutter like that of an aircraft. The sight was all stars and lights. Amy saw from what she could on her bed a planet beneath them, covered in green and white gases.

"What...What the F-"

"Yes Amy, this is why you are the one in chains and not me. You have one more chance to change your story to something more believable. The truth perhaps? Why are your readings of radiation so high?"

Amy's head reeled, and she felt as though she had to put it back on the pillow, lest it com bust. There was a chance the stars and the world outside weren't real, she knew. But no one would bother putting on this act for her. She was in a New York alleyway before here. Nothing notable except maybe her intellect about her. She had never done anything of great importance. Not until the fight with Jake. Remembering suddenly brought on a flood of emotion. It was all she could do to will away the tears before they fell down her cheeks. _Not in front of these two Amy. Not while you're chained like this._

"Whatever. You don't have to believe me. I'm going to die anyway"

She didn't die though. Not right away at least. For the next hour Dr. Halsey spoke with Amy until she opened up again. The Marine always in her line of sight. Eventually Amy began to believe she was in 2552. Maybe it was all a bad dream, maybe she would wake up from it. But for now, the facts were that she was in the future and she was a captive of circumstance.

Halsey also seemed to be entertaining the idea that Amy wasn't lying. Every once in a while when there was a lull in the interrogation the doctor would get on some kind of visual intercom and talk with another scientist on deck. Someone who was on the bridge, Amy learned. It irked Amy when she spoke on the intercom like this. Not because she was being ignored, or because she was exceptionally mean to her. In fact, Dr. Halsey had been curt and frank, but never once rude. What bothered her was that she couldn't understand what the doctor was talking about. Amy was unaccustomed with the idea of others knowing more than her. Or at least enough to believe they were speaking a different language. The only thing she could gather was that she was some kind of freak accident from a 'slip-space anomaly'. It was the only way Dr. Halsey could swallow the facts Amy had told her about the bend of light and the pressure.

"Your blood results will be done in the morning. For now, you will remain here, under supervision. Two more Marines will be posted outside of your door" Dr. Halsey got up then, and put her lab coat back on. Looking past Amy, she looked at the Marine "You will be staying here to watch her. Shift change at 0800 tomorrow, understood?"

The Marine looked at Halsey and nodded, his whole body turned toward her. No salute, no words. But Amy thought she saw a tinge of pressure in his hands, like he had thought about saluting her. Maybe he did respect her after all.

"Let me guess, I'm staying in the chains." It was a statement, not a question.

"Yes Amy Strongman. You will remain restrained. Tomorrow may see your release from the chains, but not captivity. Not for a while yet while ONI decides what is to be done. That decision may well lead out of my hands." It was only when Amy heard the sound of heels hitting the ground sharply and the magnetic door close did tears fall down her face.

Suddenly she looked over at the tattoo on her left forearm, and smiled small. Tears still blurring her vision. Remembering how much her father had hated the thing. It was a tribal version of a unicorn head in purple, overlaying a deep orange flower. A little known species from a type of Ash tree. She had got it to rebel. Rebel from the soldiers life he seemed to be shaping her into. It had worked, and served as a reminder to her for a long time, but she paid the price for it in training the next summer with him. Smiling again, the second and final tattoo on her other forearm seemed to itch. It was the symbol of the eagle anchor and globe that represented the Marine Corp. The words 'simper fidelis' underneath it. That one she had gotten to appease him. 'if you're going to ruin your skin' her father said 'you mine as well get something with some dang

meaning!'

Looking up, she saw the Marine staring at her quizzically, unsure of what to do now that she was crying. "Sorry about that. Call it daddy issues."

"No. No it's...fine" The Marine seemed lost for words. He was privy to a lot more information tonight than he usually was "Such contrasting tattoos. What's the girly one for?"

Amy laughed despite herself and her tears. "To be girly, actually. My father was a hard ass and I wanted to rebel. Teenage drama"

"And the other...You were in the Corp.? It's an awfully old Marine Corp. Logo. Changed since then" He looked genuinely interested. Amy decided that despite the fact he was guarding her that she liked him.

"No. My father was. When he got out...He didn't know how to raise me on his own. So he did it like he knew how. I may not have been a Marine in my time, but I was trained by one. Probably spent more time in combat training than I did studying. Ha."

"Your accent...Where are you from?"

Amy laughed again. Even 500 years in the future she was being asked the same questions. "Georgia. I don't know if it still exists but...A southern part of the United States. Very southern"

The marine smiled then. "I was born on earth too. Few here were. We have 'bout 300 planets worth of humans now."

They fell into a content lull in the conversation. She didn't mind him, but she needed time to think. To feel and to hurt. Jake, her father, her studies, her entire life was gone now. Probably never to return. And when sleep finally tugged at her eyelids, she didn't fight it. Quietly telling the Marine at his post she was going to sleep, she let darkness wash over her. She would worry about the rest tomorrow.

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I'm hoping to update every 1-2 weeks. Chapters should be roughly the same length, but no guarantees.

Please, I cannot stress enough how much I want you to leave me reviews. I want to make this better each chapter, and your input helps that happen.

Thanks for reading! See ya next week!

2. One Second more, in face of fear

Hey all, sorry this took so long to upload. I was having problems logging in :(Not my laziness! (for once). This chapter was a lot of fun to write, but doesn't have as much action as the next chapters will feature. Hang tight people! I promise You'll get the Halo fights you want.

Also, huuuuge shout out to all the people who left critiques and

words of encouragement. It means a lot, even the one I received with 'Continue!' for 5 lines straight.

Waking up groggily, Amy went to wipe her eyes. The cuffs pinning her arms above her head rattled at her attempt. _Right, the chains. _Opening them, she saw very little at first, the tears she cried the night before sleeping making her eyes slightly puffy.

"Finally awake I see? Must have been a heck of a night for you" The deep voice came from across the room, and she looked over to see the mans back. She could see a symbol on the sleeve, and the letters ONI below that. He was standing at the table, readying a needle. Setting down and turning around slightly, she saw how many needles were readied.

"That's...Not just taking my blood is it?" Amy strained against her chains slightly, trying not to show her fear. Her movements were small now, not trusting herself to do anything more. Hopefully she could control the shaking.

"No sweetie, this is not me taking your blood." The man in all black strode across the room and stuffed her mouth before she could ask another question. Tying the knot so she couldn't spit it out, he continued his work. Rubbing her arm slowly, almost sensually he smiled. "Your bones are going to go through a lot of pain before you die. I'm sorry you have to go through this. I really am. But I need Dr. Halsey off of the ship, and we can't have you living either. It was a mistake to save her when she isn't in the military, and insistent on stopping warriors from doing their job. This satisfies both of my needs at once. You are doing a service to ONI."

With that said, he strode over to the counter and selected two needles. Coming back, he said not another word as he put one needle in each of her arms, injecting the liquid into her veins. This went on for minutes, large and small needles injecting multiple colors of liquids. The worst was when he held her eyelids open and pushed long needles into both of her eyes. She did her best not to scream and failed.

Then it hit her. Hard. Her whole body tensed and she felt lava erupt from her heart and head. Screaming into the gag and struggling uselessly she tried to protest the growing pain in her body. Her chest, where it had been fractured by the Slavic woman, cracked completely. Cracked outward. Every bone in her body somehow had glass on the inside, cutting every inch of her body. She could feel every bit of pain at once even as her muscles tensed. A vain attempt at diffusing the pain she was feeling. The man turned and left then, not another word spoken.

Darkness threatened her yet again, and this time she put up a fight. But it was a losing battle, and every mental faculty was shutting down one by one. It was all she could do to maintain even a hint of a struggle.

Alarms, like the one she heard when she was transported here sounded. She could vaguely hear yelling, and a man pounding at the intercom controls. The Marine who was supposed to be guarding her. PFC Harrison was it? Amy couldn't remember right now. Everything seemed really foggy.

"She's convulsing, and her body is moving strangely! Chest has taken an odd shape, Doc, we need you here ten minutes ago!" A slight pause. Amy was fighting to hear what all was being said, but could only understand the Marine. "Yes ma'am! I'm on it. See you in thirty"

He came over to her bed, and bent down to talk to her. What he said though, was lost on her. The only things she could understand were pain. Pain and the cuffs were off, leaving her free to claw at whatever she could.

The door opened then, and she kept her eyes open long enough to see three fully armored people and Dr. Halsey run in. Then more pain. And yelling. Someone seemed to be giving her orders, but she couldn't understand it. Her ears were ringing much too hard for proper noise to get through now. The darkness hadn't taken her yet, but it was still there, still waiting for her to slip. Amy tried a new tack then. She turned and looked Dr. Halsey in the eye. As much as she could at least while Halsey pressed in on her ribcage. Moving from one body part to the next in true clinical precision. Amy opened her mouth to speak then, to tell her what she felt, how bad she felt it. More screaming. There was no way to control it. Her head was pinned down then, cold metal in the form of a hand easily holding her.

"Jesus, they gave her the untested Chrysanthemum vials. They tried to kill her with Spartan augmentations. Halsey, she's all but gone, let it-" A pause. The voice was masculine. Deep. She hadn't heard it on the ship before. "Yes ma'am. Of course ma'am, whatever you ask."

The rest was muddled and confusing, and peoples words kept sounding like they were coming from different places. Every once in a while someone would look at her and talk, but Amy had no idea what was being said. Some of the faces looking at her were under metal helmets, dark gray in color, and menacing. She could see her reflection in the visor if she looked hard enough. It wasn't a pretty sight. At some point, she had tried to answer, tried to tell someone she couldn't hear them clearly. She had been gagged again though, by one of the armored people. _Probably for the best_ she thought numbly. She didn't want to die at all, but if she did...It would be nice not to do so screaming.

Minutes passed, maybe an hour or a half a day before she calmed down. She couldn't tell how long exactly, but she knew she hadn't passed out. That was a plus at least. She had been knocked out enough in the past 24 hours to suit her for a long while. The Marine who was in the room was dismissed, and the only people that remained when her hearing and vision came back into focus were Dr. Halsey and the Gray colored armored people. She looked at each one, still holding her down, though she wasn't resiting currently.

"I-I don't think I'm going to claw anyone anymore." Her voice surprised her by coming out relatively strong for all that she gone through and the yelling she had done before the gag "Thanks"

Dr. Halsey had her back turned to Amy, typing something on a computer she hadn't previously noticed. Her fingers were moving really slowly across the keyboard. She didn't look up when she spoke, just kept typing

"A positive thing with these Spartans in the room." Her hand motioned

to the armored people. "Jai, Adriana, Mike. You can release her now. We need to see how...effective the augmentations adhered to the subject."

Three pairs of armored hands released her immediately. Moving her hands up, Amy rubbed her arms where the first injections had been administered. She was shocked to see how much...bigger her arms were. How toned they had become. Sitting up quickly, she lifted the blankets and looked at her legs. "What did he do to me?"

The three members of Gray team took off their helmets in unison. She saw the Slavic woman and her hair fall from the helmet. Coming to rest on the top of her shoulder armor. It was she who spoke first.

"He tried to kill you. Apparently it failed." The accent made Amys' skin tingle just a little bit. Her hand went to her chest automatically. She noticed controllable pain, but no break anymore. She was sure she heard the crack.

"Who...Who was the man?"

Another armored man spoke. Jai. His brown eyes trained down at her. "You were the one in here. Not us."

Amy's face went hot then, and she could feel the flush. "I didn't get a good look. ONI uniform, all in black. Shorter blonde hair...He touched my arm."

"Good, that only narrows it down to half of the freakin' ship." Jai looked extremely displeased. Amy wasn't sure why, but this guy seemed to hate her.

Dr. Halsey turned around and looked down at her. "It was the XO* of this ship. The only person who would do something like this. He is expecting you to have died. He expected the Marine protecting you to have died. He failed on two accounts, and will be dealt with properly. His position in ONI was ill gained it seems." She paused a moment to let the facts sink in. "Now. You have been laying long enough. Stand"

Amy stood then, answering the authority this woman was used to having. Looking down, she saw stronger legs. The whole of her body seemed to be more toned, more lithe. She felt stronger too, and saw everything move at an intense perfection. Like it wasn't moving at all. "Why am I not a mountain?"

Mike snickered, and Adriana looked to be holding it in. Amy thought she saw the corner of the Doctors mouth turn up. Then again, maybe not.

"You will not grow as tall as those given the Spartan-II augmentations. The serums you were given did not require advanced thyroid conditioning. They would have been the third set of serums produced. I was working on an updated version before they were administered. Which is why they were originally in my possession."

Amy looked at Halsey for a long time before responding, looking to each of the Spartans in turn. "Will...Will the pain go away? It's not

awful mind you...But it is everywhere."

Mike looked down at her, his giant form somehow not a lumbering mass in the metal armor. It almost confused her how graceful they all were. "Pain? After we calmed down from our surgeries we didn't have any pain...He didn't perform surgery on you did he?" Amy shook her head. The details of the process weren't crystal clear, but it was mostly needles she thought. Her memories seemed legitimately fuzzy, like it had been foggy in the room when it happened. Then again, she hadn't remembered seeing things this well in forever.

"The pain is because of your age. This is why he thought you would die from this. Spartans must go through the adaptations younger, so their bones and bodies are still malleable when rapid bodily advancement occurs. Your Ribcage will hurt worse for a while, but it will heal. The break was still healing while the bones grew more dense. It was probably the only thing that saved your life. You can thank Adriana for her quick thinking"

Amy felt like her world had been torn apart. To add to her growing list, she felt all of the change within her body physically now. The vials the XO had given her weren't to just kill her, the variable. They were stolen from the Doctor, a civilian on the ship. Given to Amy to kill her and make Halsey look like a mad scientist, someone who was misusing ONI funding. Government money. Getting rid of two problems at once. That was what he meant by doing a service to ONI. She wasn't supposed to survive at all.

Amy's mind reeled, but kept the information flow moving, her mental faculties in overdrive. Finally, she came full circle to why she was alive again, confused on that part. If she was a pawn, and ONI wanted to get rid of her...Why hurt the person guarding her? Why not stay to make sure it was done properly? Everything seemed really muddled to her. It seemed she still had a lot to learn about living in the future. _Remember Amy. Improvise, Adapt, Overcome. Daddy taught you that. Don't you dare lose him now. _

"Why did this work then? Other than the pain, why didn't it work? Y'all work for an organization who uses Japanese devils as your moniker. Why the Hell am I still here?" Amy spoke fast, trying not to lose control of her voice. Her accent slipping out before she could quell it. Did she have control over anything these days at all? Her mind came to conclusions quicker than normal, and much more harsh than she would have preferred. No. It's what being a captive means. Be useful or die.

Adriana looked at her then, and slammed her fist down. Fist making a deep impression in the metal beam of the hospital bed. "You are here because Cath- Dr. Halsey kept you alive! Because she knew what to do when you would have died otherwise! Every physical upgrade you have that didn't leave you paralyzed, disfigured or worse is because Mum is a genius and your guardian angel! Why you don't thank her for life right now is beyond me."

Amy looked to all of them and finally to Dr. Halsey. She could feel Adriana still fuming, and almost hear the sneer Jai had on his face. Smell the testosterone of him wanting that fight. It angered her. All of it did. Like she asked to be on a ship 500 years in the future. Like being caught and then put in chains like a rabid animal was good for her. Like she should be thankful the attempted murder didn't work

and left her so different she could barely recognize herself. Or her own emotions. She would not be thanking anyone for this treatment, for the life ripped from her. Maybe it was better than being in jail for the murder of some random kid in an alley, but at least she was protecting herself then. Now she didn't even have that choice. Even choice had been taken from her. Anything other than play the pawn now, Amy thought, and you're going against the rules.

Seriously. Screw the rules.

Lunging forward, Amy snapped a fist at Jai's head, connecting with air. Before her arm extended all the way, she pulled in. Out of the corner of her eye she saw two pistols pulled, the others immediately moving back to shield Dr. Halsey. One gun trained on her head, the other on her chest.

She shouldn't have been looking in that direction. Jai came forward, and lunged in with a kick of his own, carried by the armor he was wearing. Damn he was fast. Amy had always been a quick girl though, and the augmentations had made everything physical a lot easier. Jumping back, she landed and took up a defensive position. Fully aware the man who was armored was faster, stronger, and full of killing intent now most likely.

"Jai! Stand down!" It was Halsey from behind the two other Spartans, her eyes trained on both of them, only four feet away from one another and still itching for the fight.

"Sorry ma'am. But she's mine this time. Apparently manners weren't a thing 500 years ago. Adriana. Mike. Protect Halsey, but do not interfere. I called this mark." Jai spat the words quickly, tossing his helmet to Adriana. She caught it before it had even reached the peak of its arc. "Now how about I cut the manners into you?" Amy hadn't even seen the knife jump from his chest armor to his hand.

She should have stood down then, and submitted. She might have egged him forward with a taunt. Maybe she would die quickly and it would all be over. Maybe dying just meant she'd wake up and this was all a dream. But it was all too real to her, and she didn't see a way to win no matter how hard she looked. He had armor, a knife, and probably could shoot her with the pistol before she had even registered it coming out. How the armor didn't make him more encumbered she didn't know, but it was a fact. Her only chance was avoiding the knife long enough to get a hit in on the head and knock him out. Right.

Then an idea came to her, and she dove before the plan had fully formed, her body moving at an incredible speed, pain following suit. The dive took her right beside Jai, who was already twisting to catch her in leap. His knife grazed the back of her leg, but not enough to slow her down. She felt a drop of blood fall into her sock. Step one, jump in close to him and by his ribs, where it's hard to bend without spending time turning. The automatic door opened as she ran out, using the vertical moving door as a hand vault to send her through the exit faster. When Jai came out a half second later, She kicked at the back of his head. Step two, he's right handed. He'll check the left side first on instinct from holding a gun. His left hand came out and caught her ankle there, while she was in mid-air.

In an effortless motion he spun her to other side of the door and threw her as hard as could. Amy could feel her body scream in protest each time she bounced and rolled on the metal floor of the vessel. Her new body weight making audible thuds. Getting up, She ran around the corner that she had been thrown to, mildly impressed the throw had taken her half way down a hallway.

The Marine on the other side of the corner didn't have time to react as Amy quickly spotted and relieved him of his pistol. Her hand reaching for his sidearm before he had recognized the blur that was Amy. Spinning around before he could grab her, she jumped back into the hallway and leveled the pistol at Jai's exposed head. He stopped then, feet from her. Knife still in hand and held at the ready. Behind him Dr. Halsey and the rest of Gray team watched, their own pistols trained on her. Both of them had their helmets on. Amy thought she might have heard the soldier she had taken the gun from yelling for her to get on the ground, but didn't pay attention. Eyes trained on Jai's head and his knife at once. She exhaled slowly to half mass, steadying her heart and aim. If she was going to lose, it wouldn't be for lack of focus. Her dad had taught her better than that.

The voice that cut through the tension caught Amy off guard. Sounding behind her, near the man she had stolen a pistol from. "Well well. Future girl shows herself. And has even managed to keep a Spartan at bay. An accomplishment to be sure" It was the voice of true authority, a man not used to yelling to get his way. His mere whisper, low and full of gravel, would have made those around him obey. "Stand down Spartan 006"

"Aye, Captain!" Sheathing his knife and snapping a salute, Jai stood at attention. So did his team behind him. Halsey merely looked at Amy.

Turning back to Amy, the Captain of the vessel held out his hand, indicating the pistol in Amys. She eyed the pistol, still leveled at Jai, and looked over to the Captain. He was a tall man for a normal human, with a tanned skin-tone. Spanish by the look of his hair and eyes. He would have been a good looking man to Amy save for the deep wrinkles set in his face, an obvious consequence of running such a large ship for many years. This man had done his time thrice over. By now, Amy reasoned, he was only here for love of country (Worlds?). A second glance and Amy was sure that he would be more than willing to carry out any threat he issued. Not a mean man, but an honest one. Hardened by life in the military and a war he was losing. Four Marines beside him had assault rifles pointed in her direction. Amy reasoned he was a not a man to bluff then. Returning the safety, she very slowly raised her hands and held out the gun, an offering to take it.

"Good! Now that it's all sorted we may continue Amy. I am Captain Borges. The vessel you are on is the ONI super-carrier _Existential Robin. _You know that you were brought here due to a Slip-Space anomaly, do you not?" His voice still spoke authority. How many years had this been his ship? Amy wondered.

Her hands still raised, Amy answered quietly, the fight from before only now beginning to take affect physically on her body "Yes sir. Something about a destroyed Fore-runner symbol. The rest of the details are...fuzzy"

Borges looked at her appraising like before turning to the four marines still holding rifles pointed to her. "Stand down. You may return to your posts" All snapped a salute and left in turn. He turned back to the rest of them "Spartans, Amy; follow me. We are going to my cabin. Dr. Halsey, if you would also be kind enough to join us?"

When inside the cabin, Amy was sat on the far end behind the desk, an offer from Borges. Halsey also sat, though on the large couch in the room. Borges and the Spartans continued to stand. Almost cramped despite the obvious luxury of the room. For being 500 years in the future, Amy felt comfortable here. Wooden desk, red carpeted floor. This man liked his room old school.

Borges led off the conversation. No attempt at small talk "My former XO should have succeeded in the job he tried to perform, though it was not on my orders. What you are now is expensive. But you are also an anomaly, and something that needs looking into. How would you like to remain alive Amy of earth? In exchange for some requests."

Amy didn't hesitate "I accept Captain." life or death was on the line. Questions were not permitted.

Still looking at Amy, Borges began to speak again, a small smile on his lips. "What information have you gleaned from your tests Doctor?"

Clearing her throat, she said "Captains room: Med display. Dr. Halsey. Code 421F" Instantly a screen popped up on the wooden desk in front of Amy and a large glass panel situated in the middle of the room, suspended to the ceiling by metal support beams and wires. Amy recognized it as her file, small as it was. "I believe she is telling the truth about her past, and the story matches. The radiation was checked, and matched the forerunner object we just destroyed. Whether or not she had this before or after the jump has yet to be determined. Spartan-III augmentations have since lowered those readings."

"And the augmentations were completely successful then?"

Halsey was not smiling now, and looked at Amy instead, eyes downcast. "I believe so sir, with a few exceptions. Bone pain from being older than normal augmentation age. Her chest has yet to completely heal from its break. Getting thrown seems not to have helped. Height is plus 2 inches. Common in Spartan-III soldiers after muscle development. Speed...Effective. She outran Jai in armor and evaded capture in close corridors for five seconds" The only thing that confused Amy was how she had left a door, kicked at Jai twice, been thrown down a hallway and stood again in five seconds. It had felt like an eternity to her.

"So I saw" Borges eyes were still trained on Amy. "Only the best conditioned people can survive these augmentations Amy, never mind the genetic markers that must be perfect upon birth. What did you do before finding yourself here?"

Amy looked at Borges, flashes of her father smiling down at her during a camping trip going through her head. Shaking her head she answered "I was a senior in NYU college as an undergrad. However, my

father is a Marine. He raised me like one of his recruits. Single parent" She tried to smile at the irony, if only to keep from crying again. She'd done enough of that too.

"IS a Marine? Even in 2552?" Borges raised an eyebrow

Straightening her shoulders, she answered as strongly as she could muster. "Once a Marine, always a Marine. Devil dogs don't die. They regroup in Hell Sir."

Both Borges and Mike laughed then, breaking most tension in the room. "You will be happy to know that the Marines of today are just as arrogant as the day that quote came into existence. Disregarding the line about regrouping in hell Amy, your answers are very...logical for a 17 year old."

Amy could feel the silence then, and taste her own life boiled down to her next words. Whatever she said next would determine whether or not she would be allowed to survive. She had picked a fight with Jai to die. But this wasn't a way to go, and those words reminded her of her father all over again. Was suicide really her way out of this mess? She could get to the future, so maybe she could return home. She hadn't lost yet. "I'm low on options. Bigger, faster, stronger enemies surround me. Ones willing to chain me up like an animal. In a place and now time I am unfamiliar with. Even my own body is foreign now. All I have left is my logic" As an afterthought she added "Sir."

Everyone looked at her then, and Amy might have flushed from the attention if she wasn't intent on staring down the Captain of this spacecraft. Her hyper sensitive eyes focused in on his pupils, determined not to blink, or even move. Not until he had given his opinion one way or another. Live or die.

He was scanning over the file on the screen, telling the computer when to scroll. Amy saw the notation on her 'extreme dislike of physical binding' high lighted among other things. That was understatement. But at least they had gotten it right.

After what seemed an eternity, he turned to speak to her. "ONI is a secretive military force, and this super-carrier is the only ship this large in ONI's fleet. It is also a secret. In fact, we are so occupied with secrets the rest of the Military believes Dr. Halsey to be confined to an on-land facility since her rescue. So you can see the issues that go through my head when I think about letting you live." Borges looked Amy in the eye. The rest looked at Borges. "However. I remember a Marine quote said long ago, nearer your time. 'I love the Corps for those intangible possessions that cannot be issued: pride, honor, integrity, and being able to carry on the traditions for generations of warriors past.'" He paused to let Amy nod then "You have shown all three of these here today, and even courage. I see the fear in your eyes now, and even this normal human can see you shiver when I speak. But that's courage in itself. ONI can make use of you. I can make use of you."

Dr. Halsey looked at Captain Borges then, and asked "What exactly are you planning on Alvaro?"

"She stays. We do readings on her. You said the radiation levels are low correct?"

"Yes. Since the augmentation." Halsey's mind looked to be racing as she answered, but Amy saw only calm exterior.

"We cannot make another jump if her readings spike again. I won't endanger my crews' lives again for her sake, but if they are low enough to continue travel...School her. Train her. Make a Spartan out of her. Not an Ackerson Spartan, Catherine. I mean a Dr. Halsey-Mendez Spartan. Gray team has managed, even after a year, to keep their armor in good condition. Your current funding on the vessel will be establishing her MJOLNIR." Borges turned to Jai, who looked furious despite his calm breathing. "You. Let it go. I know you're used to doing things without instructions. I know you're used to running your mouth too. But she showed the one characteristic common among every single Spartan. She is still" He said, emphasizing the last word "Looking for a way to win. Even if you are bigger, faster, and stronger. And let's face it. She got the drop on you when you threw her 45ft."

"...Aye sir. At your command" Jai deflated then, and rolled his shoulders, still in attention.

"Good. I'd hate to have to replace Gray team command because you can't follow basic instructions." Turning off the screen with her profile, and walking near the exit he stopped, turning again to Amy. "You understand that if, by the time we get to Gray team drop off point, you aren't ready for both service and field action within ONI..."

Amy stood up and walked around the desk before he could finish, her actions deliberate and slow. Precise. Not only to show she wasn't trying to fight, but also the pain she still felt. "I will be."

"Good to hear it Corporal. It took a Marine to make you survive the injections. Now let's see if we can help you make the Marine Corp. Amy-G311"

"Yes sir!" Amy saluted, knowing nothing else to do. This wasn't what she expected. It wasn't really what she wanted. But it kept her alive, kept her useful. She'd have to search for a way out of the time-zone alone, but it gave her access. She could see a lot of sleepless nights ahead of her. Nights she would live through.

"Your team. Petty Officer First class Mike-323 and Adriana-111. Ranking commander Jai-006. Chief Petty Officer. You are the only Marine Spartan in existence, G311. You now have an honor to uphold, 559 years in the future. Do not disappoint." Walking out of the door, Amy heard the magnets pull it down rather than see it. Her eyes kept flashing pictures of her father at her.

The next chapter will have plenty more action. Also, any help critique or otherwise I do read. I have even been known to adjust the story. Listening to my readers and gaining thicker skin is a useful tool for me. That being said, if you just wanna leave a comment as to whether or not you liked the story...Go for it!

Note: I will be using at least 1 TRUE Marine Corp. saying in each chapter. It adds some realism to an otherwise Sci-Fi heavy story. Plus their fun.

See you all next week! I plan on writing at least 14 more chapters for the story. Amy has some rough times ahead of her.

End
file.